

► noise backstage pass

MAKING OUT WITH ULTRAGRRRL I don't normally flash my knickers at industry events. Okay, I do. But this time was different. I only hiked up my dress during the record-release party for **Fannypack**'s new-wave/booty-bass debut *So Stylistic* (at New York's Tribeca Grand Hotel) to show the band that I did not, in fact, have a cameltoe (the title of their hit single...and you know what else). "Holy crap," I told the girls—**Cat**,



Close to the wedge: Fannypack with Ultragrml

Jessibel, and **Belinda**. "I always hear 'Cameltoe' at delis! You've totally made it!" "I think that's the only place we get played," said Cat. "All my friends hear us in bodegas!" If I sound proud, it's because I was the first DJ ever to spin the song. "It's true," Fannypack producer **Matt Golas** confirmed. "You broke us. We're broken now. Thanks!" You're welcome, yo.



"More ammunition, please!": the Vines

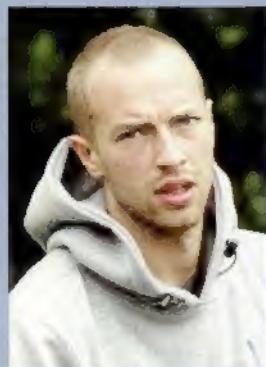
HE LIKES TO SHOOT HIS GUN

"Imagine **Craig [Nicholls]** walking around with a loaded air rifle," laughs **Vines** bassist **Patrick Matthews**. "Frightening!" He's calling from upstate New York, where the Australian quartet are recording the follow-up (due early 2004) to their 2002 debut, *Highly Evolved*, with that album's producer **Rob Schnapf** at famed Bearsville Studios. So if you're driving near Woodstock and see what appears to be a child of the corn brandishing a loaded shotgun, don't panic. Chances are it's a stoned rock star blowing off a little steam. "We've got cymbals and cans on sticks set up in front of the house," Matthews says. "When you shoot them, it makes a really satisfying ping." The bassist promises that new songs like "Rainfall," "Amnesia," and the live favorite "Fuck the World" won't deviate too much from their debut's hook-laden garage rock. "Not to compare us to the Beatles," he says, "but you know how *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver* would almost work as a double album? These two are turning out pretty similar, just different songs. There's no new band here."



TRASH TALK Scoring quality drugs backstage at massive rock festivals can be difficult, even when you're a major star. So while we caution against illegal drug use (and encourage you to stay in school), we applaud the charlie-hustling ingenuity of **the Streets'** **Mike Skinner** (shown here onstage in June at the U.K.'s Glastonbury Festival). "I wore it for the band and crew, really," Skinner told us. "I was hoping we might get some decent drugs thrown onstage. In the end, all I got was a bottle of poppers, which didn't help the bus ride home."

"But for Pepsi, all you get's a snog": Mike Skinner



Martin gets pissed, American-style

sound bites

Music news for short attention spans

A rush of anger to the head? Chris Martin's image has always been more 97-pound weakling than Charles Atlas. That all changed in July after freelance photographer Jon Lister tried to snap pictures of the Coldplay singer surfing at an Australian beach. After demanding that Lister erase the pictures from his digital camera, Martin allegedly broke the windshield of Lister's car.

Fabulous hollas back

Rapper Fabolous plans to file a \$5 million lawsuit against New York City after being arrested for weapons possession following a March concert at Webster Hall. Acting on a tip from a security guard at the venue, police searched a van containing the rapper and his entourage and discovered a loaded 9mm handgun. Fabolous' lawyer contends that the gun was registered to the rapper's bodyguard. Among the lawsuit's claims: false arrest and intentional infliction of emotional stress.

Punk upstarts in deadly accident

Three members of Portland, Oregon, pop-punk band Exploding Hearts—singer Adam Cox, bassist Matthew Fitzgerald, and drummer Jeremy Gage—were killed in a van accident on July 20. The band, on the verge of signing with Lookout!, were returning home after playing a show in San Francisco. (Authorities suspect driver Fitzgerald's fatigue to be the cause of the accident.) The Hearts' debut album, *Guitar Romantic*, was released in April on Seattle indie Dirtnap. GREG MILNER